And thou muſt cure me till I know tis done.
How ere my haps, my ioyes will neere begin. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbraſſe with his Armie ouer the Stage.

Fortin. Go Captaine, from me greet the *Daniſh* King,
Tell him, that by his licence *Fortinbraſſe*
Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his Kingdome, you know the rendezuous,
If that his Maieſty would ought with vs,
We ſhall expreſſe our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

Fortin. Go ſoftly on.

Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, &c.

Ham. Good ſir whoſe powers are theſe?

Cap. They are of *Norway* ſir.

Ham. How propoſd ſir I pray you?

Cap. Againſt ſome part of *Poland.*

Ham. Who commands them ſir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway, Fortinbraſſe.*

Ham. Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* ſir?
Or for ſome frontire?

Cap. Truly to ſpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay fiue duckets, fiue I would not farme it?
Now will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, ſhould it be ſould in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes it is already gariſond.

Ham. Two thouſand ſoules and twenty thouſand duckets
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw,
This is th'impoſtume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and ſhewes no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you ſir.

Cap. God buy you ſir.

Roſ. Wil't pleaſe you goe my Lord?

Ham. I'le be with you ſtraight, go a little before.
How all occaſions do informe againſt me,

And

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And ſpur my dull reuenge. VVhat is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to ſleep and feed, a beaſt, no more:
Sure he that made vs with ſuch large diſcourſe
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capability and God-like reaſon
To fuſt in vs vnus'd, now whether it be
Beſtiall obliuion, or ſome crauen ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th'euent,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wiſdome,
And euer three parts coward I do not know
VVhy yet I liue to ſay this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cauſe, and will and ſtrength, and meanes
To doo't; examples groſſe as earth exhort me,
VVitneſſe this Army of ſuch maſſe and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
VVhoſe ſpirit with diuine ambition puft,
Makes mouthes at the inuiſible euent,
Expoſing what is mortall, and vnſure,
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-ſhell, Rightly to be great,
Is not to ſtir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a ſtraw
VVhen honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother ſtain'd,
Excitements of my reaſon, and my blood,
And let all ſleep, while to my ſhame I ſee
The iminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That for a fantaſie and trick of fame
Go to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
VVhereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
VVhich is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the ſlaine. O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not ſpeak with her.

Gen. She is importunate,
Indeed diſtract, her mood will needs be pitied.

K *Quee.*

Perudt. importunat